THE JOCKEY CLUB

VOL 1, NO 9

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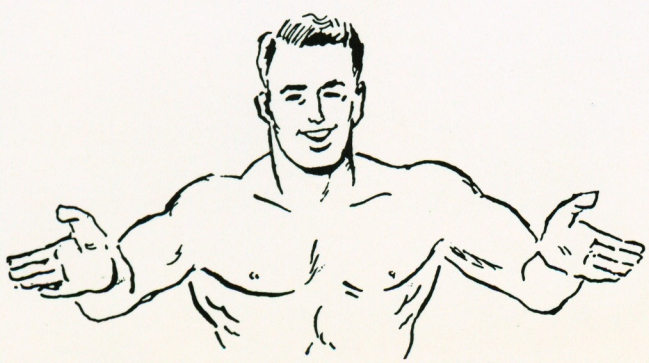

SEPTEMBER EDITORIAL

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This is a very special issue. Ten years ago, in 1976, Interpub Limited in Frankfurt, Germany published a book called **The Jock Book.** It was shortly followed-up with **The Jock Book Two.** These are not to be confused with Le Salon's offerings of two books with the same titles. The original 1976 ones have been a constant turn-on to me. Exploring the world of briefs and jocks, the two magazines contained some of the hottest pouch sucking I've ever come across. After several months and a trip to Germany, we have received permission to print ten pages of their original work for you in this issue! So, you will really enjoy these pictures, I believe and the verbiage that accompanies them. Included are two pages of cartoons of jockstraps. The original illustrator's name is unknown but we sure wish he'd come forward so we could credit him. We are trying to locate copies of the two original magazines so that we can offer them to our members. If you have a special magazine or photo set and would like to see them published in Jockey Club Magazine, send them along with all known information or their origin and we will work to get recopy permission so all the members can enjoy them.

Another reprint is from Boyd McDonald's articles. I've found that the Gay Sunshine Press' publications contain many articles on briefs and jockstraps. You should check out some of their magazines like FLESH.

Several of you have written for back issues. The only ones that are available are listed on the enclosed order form. There are no February or March issues available. Some of you have requested xerox copies of those issues but, it is just cost prohibitive to attempt to do that.

You'll notice that this issue appears to be typeset rather than our usual print style. We are using a Diablo 630 printer with Proportional spacing to accomplish this new print. We had invested in a PRIMAGES 100 printer but it broke after six months of use and PRIMAGES refused to ship us new parts because they stated that they needed all of the spare parts coming off of their assembly line for new units. So, buyer beware! We lost $1400 because they failed to support what they sale.

We encourage all of you to send us your stories and fantasies. Thanks to all of you who have written so many of the hot stories we've featured.

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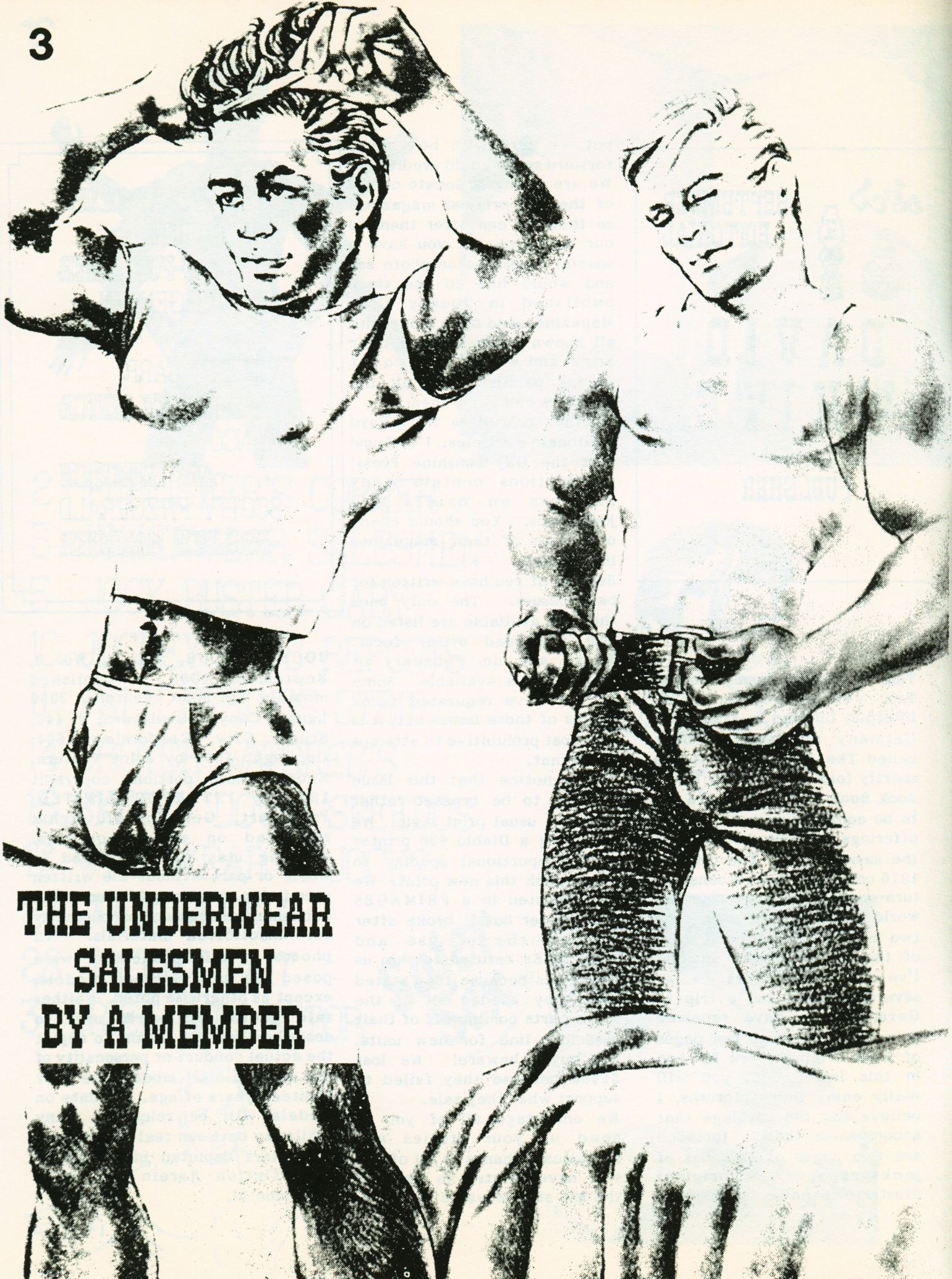


THE UNDERWEAR SALESMEN BY A MEMBER

My senior year at school was coming to an end and I had no regrets. My grades were good. I had been accepted at the local two year community college and I had a part time job that would become full time during the summer. There I was, Richard Bauman, (my friends called me Rick), with the world by the balls and whose only problem was trying to stay awake during my senior history class. It helped that Rob Anderson was seated in front of me. He was a super nice guy. Rob went out for several sports and was one of the more popular guys in school. The great thing was that he never let it go to his head. He was nice to everybody.

I had this thing about Rob that I'd never tell anyone. I like looking at him. He had everything right. His smile, his face, his great bod, even the way he smelled. In history class when he sat in front of me, I could watch his back. Even that appealed to me. It tapered from his solid shoulders to a narrow waist. I dreamed about him when I jerked off and tried to imagine what he looked like when he was naked. I tried to figure if he was circumcised or not. I knew that he "hung left" because when he wore his jeans I could see the solid tube of his dick bulging off to that left side. This whole thing confused me because I didn't think of myself as "queer" or anything. Rob was the only guy I felt this way about.

Rob usually wore a T-shirt or polo shirt with his jeans. The great thing about sitting behind him in history class was that when he leaned forward in his seat, the bottom of his shirt would ride up and I could get a small peak of warm looking flesh just above his waist. After a whole school year of watching him I learned some interesting things.

Rob wore all different brands of underwear. I first started to notice one day when I looked at his back and saw the waistband of his undershorts sticking out above his jeans. I knew that the brand was Fruit of the Loom because there was one thin blue and one thin yellow stripe running around the top edge of the elastic of his shorts. My Mom bought the same brand for me all the time and I recognized the design. I could tell that these were a little big because there was also a slight fold of cotton from the seat of the briefs that also stuck up above the waistband.

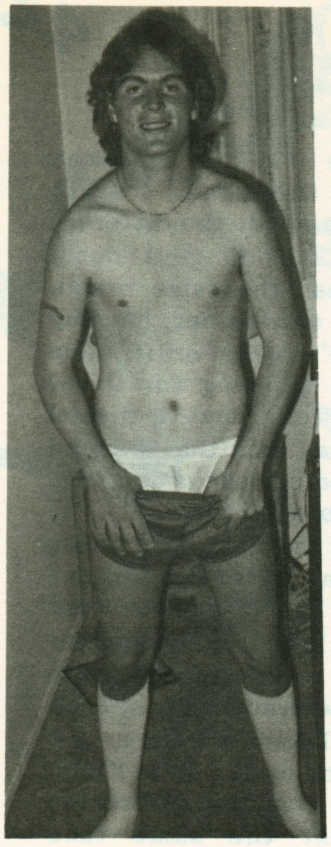
I spent the rest of the day thinking about that little peek at Rob's private life. It was great! I knew what kind of underpants he wore and in fact they were the same as mine. I got home and couldn't wait to undress and stand in front of a mirror. I imagined that the body looking at me was Rob. I rubbed my cock and massaged my balls until I shot my load into my briefs.

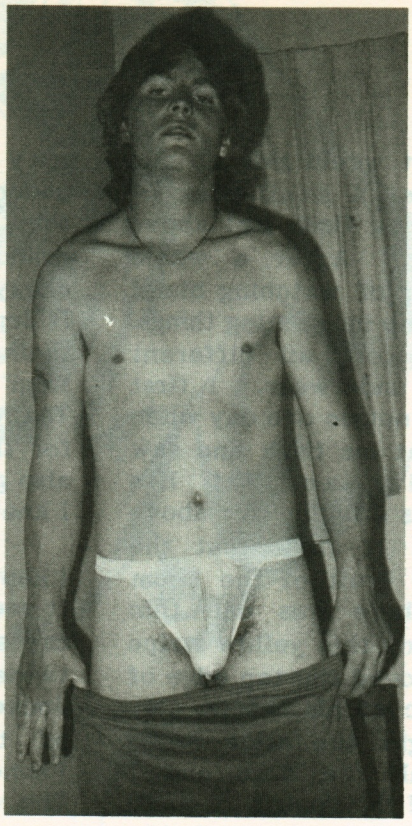
The next day Rob no soon sat down than I started looking again. Sure enough, his T-shirt pulled up as he leaned forward onto the desk and his underwear showed. They weren't Fruit of the Loom today. I could see thin dashes of navy blue and the words JOCKEY repeated over and over on the waistband. Between each word there was an upside down "Y" and from changing in gym class I knew that this was because of the way the fly on Jockey underwear was made. I didn't think much about the different brand. Lots of guys don;t always wear the same brand. It depends on whether they buy their own clothes or if their Mom goes shopping for them. The only thing that I wished for that day was that I could also get some Jockeys now that I knew Rob wore them.

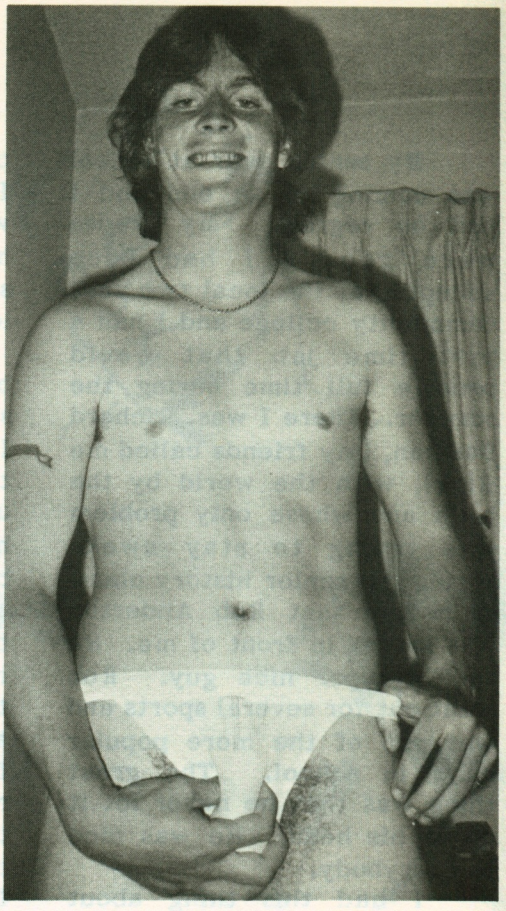
Over the next few weeks I kept up my "brief inspection." It seemed like Rob never wore the same brand of underwear twice in a row. He wore white Jockeys, colored Jockeys, Fruit of the Loom, Hanes, JC Penneys and even Calvin Klein. The whole situation interested me and at the same time frustrated me. There was even one day it looked like he had nothing on because nothing showed above his jeans. I found out that I was wrong about no underwear when I was coming back from the board. I was able to look down at Rob and could see a navy blue pair of shorts below his jeans waist. He must have had on a fancy pair of bikini briefs that rode lower on his hips.

It was toward the end of the year that I started my part time job. I was junior clerk at the local department store. I guess that was the fancy way of saying that I was a "go=fer." Most of my time was spent in the Menswear Department. I stocked and cleaned up and every so often when things were really busy I'd wait on customers. My supervisor was only a few years older than me. He was easy to work for and always treated me fairly. I thought he might be gay but he never came on to me or anything like that.

We had been working one







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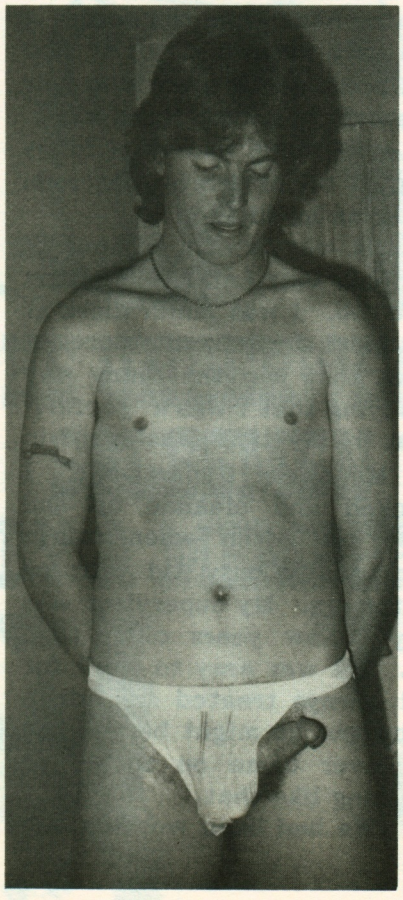

Photo sequence by JOCKEY CLUB

slow Saturday morning and we were in the process of straightening out the small office near the dressing rooms. Art, my boss, stuck his head around the corner a bit excited.

"Hey, Rick. One of my favorite customers just came in. Go into the security area and watch this. He's great."

"Why? What's up?"

"Just do it. You'll get a real kick out of him. He always takes lots of clothes into the dressing room, and tries it all on but he hardly ever buys anything."

"Okay, I answered. "But why waste the time if he never buys anything?"

"It's not that he never buys anything, it's just that he usually gets some underwear. Just watch. You'll see." I went into the security area which was a tiny room directly behind the big mirror in the dressing room. The mirror was the kind that allowed you to see through from the back if the light in front was bright and the light behind was low. I took a seat in the one chair that was squeezed into the closet-sized room and waited.

My boss, Art, was the first to come into the dressing area. His arms were filled with several pairs of p[ants and some shirts. right behind him was the customer who also carried several items on hangers. I nearly fell off of the chair. The customer was Rob Anderson. He was dressed in his usual jeans and T-shirt. He walked toward the changing booth just off to my right. There was a curtain on the booth but Rob didn't bother pulling it closed. He didn't even seem to expect Art to leave. He was very casual as he began undressing.

"Let me try that blue sweat top first, OK?" asked Rob as he lifted his arms and pulled his T-shirt up and off over his head.

His chest was solid. The nipples were dark and small. There was hardly any hair between them but as I looked down along his stomach I could see a faint line of downy hair that started right at his navel and ran down to his jeans. I could tell from where I sat that Rob had chosen to wear Hanes today. As he finished pulling his short off his head and arms I saw that he also had a light cover of hair under his arms/

One shirt after another was tried on. Art stood there holding clothes and watching as Rob rejected each one. When the last shirt was rejected, Rob took it off and bent over. He unlaced and removed his sneakers and started to take off his jeans. He still had no shirt on and as he unbuttoned, unzipped and stepped out of his jeans he was left standing there in only his underpants. There was no looseness to these white cotton briefs. His cock and balls filled the double layers of cotton that formed the pouch and their weight seemed to pull the waistband into a shallow "U" shape. The bright white elastic waistband with its two black and single red lines sat low on his hips.

"Let me try on those brown slacks first," he said to Art.

"They're a very nice choice." Art said handing the slacks to Rob.

He stepped into them. His balls and cock pushed to one side and then the other behind the cloth of his briefs as his legs moved. Leaning over had stretched the cloth tightly across his buns. Solid legs emerged from the leg openings on his underwear and anchored him to the ground.

"What do you think?" Rob asked as he pulled the pants up, readed to "adjust" himself, button the waist and zip the fly.

Art reached and began checking the fit. "They seem a little loose in the waist.:" He smoothed the trousers and pulled them up slightly letting them drop back into place. His fingers reached inside the waist of the pants and ran back and forth pulling them away from Rob's tight stomach. He reached for the cuffs and pulled down then slid his hand up the inseam, stopping only when his hand was buried deeply in Rob's crotch.

"Let's try to get a better fitting pair," Art said.

Rob began undressing. When he wa again standing there in just his briefs, Art approached and pulled his measuring tape from where it rested across his shoulders. He wrapped the tape around Rob's waist just inches above the Hanes waistband. Tightening it, he looked up at Rob.

"Is that where you usually wear your trousers?"

"Ah, yes. That's fine," Rob told Art.

It was obvious from where I sat that both men were getting excited. Each had a warm flush and Rob's cock had started to swell and press harder against the cloth. Art knelt and pressed the end of the tape firmly up into the pouch of Rob's last piece of clothing.

"Can you help me get a more accurate measurement

here?

"Ah yeah, sure." Rob replied as he reached for his own bulge and lifted it aside. His cock was nor erect and trying to press its way out of the waistband of the briefs. The tight elastic prevented its escape. I could see Rob slowly squeeze his meat.

"I think I see the problem," said Art as he reached up and pushed Rob's hand aside. He placed his own hand on Rob's tented shorts. I couldn't believe it. Art was jerking Rob off right there in the dressing room.

Rob leaned back against the wall of the cubicle and slid down onto the seat. Art continued rubbing Rob's erect teen cock that was still hidden behind his Hanes. Rob's eyes were closed and his head tilted back. His stomach muscles tightened and relaxed in time with Art's strokes. It didn't take any genius to see that Rob was ready to cum. His cock oozed enough pre-cum juices to form a dark wet sport about an inch across. The spot quickly grew in size when Art's final strokes brought Robbie off right there.

"Ohhhh, guad..." Robbie moaned as his brief covered prick fucked into Art's hand. Rob's thick rich cum was shooting into the Hanes briefs and soaking through the cloth and into Arts hand.

Art looked up at Rob and said, " Oh, my. Sir, I seem to have caused a problem here." He pulled his hand away from the jism soaked white cotton briefs. "You'd better let me take care of this."

"Don't worry about it," Rob answered.

"No, I insist. the store will replace your underpants. It's all my fault."

Art began reaching for Rob's wet briefs. Both their hands reached the waistband at the same time. They helped each other slide that one pair of soaked underpants down and off of Rob's legs. Rob stood back up. He was buck-naked and hanging heavily, his cock still partially erect. Art again reached for Rob and using the soiled shorts he gently wiped the exhausted cock and balls dry. Standing, he walked away not even trying to hide his own hard-on that pressed against his pants.

Rob sat quietly and after a few moments he reached for the curtain of the dressing booth and pulled it closed. My own cock was hard and oozing. I left the security room and quietly made my way to the office. Art stood there with his trousers down and his cock in hand. He was jerking off wildly. Rob's already cum filled shorts were laid out on the desk in front of Art, ready to catch his load. He heard me come in and looked over without missing a stroke.

"Now you know why I like this customer."

"Yeah, I sure do."

"You aren't going to tell the store manager are you?" Art asked me.

"No, but I would like to take the customer his new briefs."

"Sure, grab a pack of anything with a 28 inch waist."

I went to the underwear section of the department and quickly eyed the display. I picked up a package of our own store brand underwear. There were three briefs in the pack. They were Lo-Rise style in good white cotton. The waistband had a single thin black band near the top edge and a gold band below it. I had never seen anything similar sticking up above Rob's jeans. I took them into the dressing room. When I reached the booth, the curtain was still closed. I could see Rob's bare fee and legs below the drape. I opened it part way.

"My boss asked me to bring these to you," I said.

Rob looked up and for an instant was startled," Oh, jeese!! Uh, well, Hi, Rick."

He was trying to cover his nakedness with his hands and arms.

"I hope these are OK," I continued," I don't ever recall seeing you wear this brand before."

"How do you know?"

"You sit in front of me in History Class. I can always tell what you wear by watching when you lean forward."

My own cock had started to swell.

"You mean you look at my underwear?"

"Sure. Whatever I can see of it. How about you trying these on for fit?" I popped open the package and shook one of the briefs open. I held it up and offered it to Rob.

Rob seemed less upset and embarrassed. Standing up he no longer tried to hide his cock. He took the briefs and stepped into them. Pulling them up, he settled his balls and heavy meat into the pouch. They fit loose because they were brand new and unwashed. I reached forward and slid my finger behind the waistband. I pulled forward slightly and ran my finger back and forth.

"Yeah, they're a little loose but I think they'll be fine after a washing." My free

hand moved to his bulging pouch. At the same time Rob's hand moved to my own erect cock that was trapped in my jeans. We stood for a moment and then began rubbing each other. There were no words spoken. Our hands rubbed and squeezed, each of us knowing what would make the other feel good. I came first. My sticky load wetting my cock and balls as it spurted out, still trapped inside of my tight pants. Rob shot seconds later. His cum soaked the thin cotton on the new unwashed briefs and turned them almost transparent.

"Oh, Wild, Richie," He uttered to me.

"Yeah, Robbie."

"It's a good thing you brought a whole package of these back here," said Rob as he stripped off the cum soaked briefs for the second time that day. He took one of the remaining pair of underpants and began putting them on.

I stood there unable to move.

"You'd better use this last pair unless you like being wet and stick for the rest of the day.

I followed Rob's lead. I quickly unbuttoned and unzipped my slacks and stripped them off. My own Fruit of the Looms were soaked. I pushed them down my legs and off only to pick them up to clean myself with them. Dropping them to the floor I put on one of the pair of store brand briefs. We were now both naked except for the underpants. Our cocks were still heavy with teenage excitement. My Fruit of the Looms laid on the floor next to Rob's wet store brand shorts. Rob bent over and picked both of them up.

"You look pretty sharp in these, Rich," He said.

"You do too, Rob"

"They'll fit and feel even better after one good washing."

"I'll bet." He said.

"Are you going to keep my underwear?" I asked as Rob stood there still holding both jizz soaked wet briefs.

"If you don't mind," he said.

"No, it's Okay. How about we make an even trade?"

"Great," He replied, handing me the pair he had worn. "I've got an idea, Rich. Let's pick some day next week and both wear these new ones to school the same day."

"Yeah, Okay." I said.

"And after school, how about the two of us go do some clothes shopping? I know this great store just a few minutes from school."

-=* T H E E N D *=-

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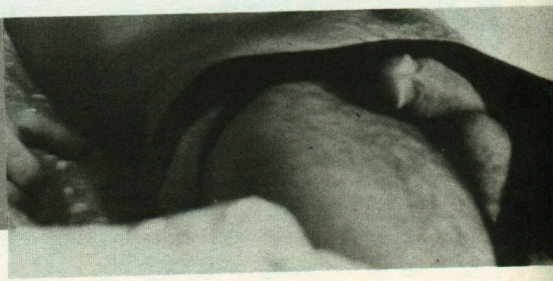


JOCKEY CLUB REPORTS

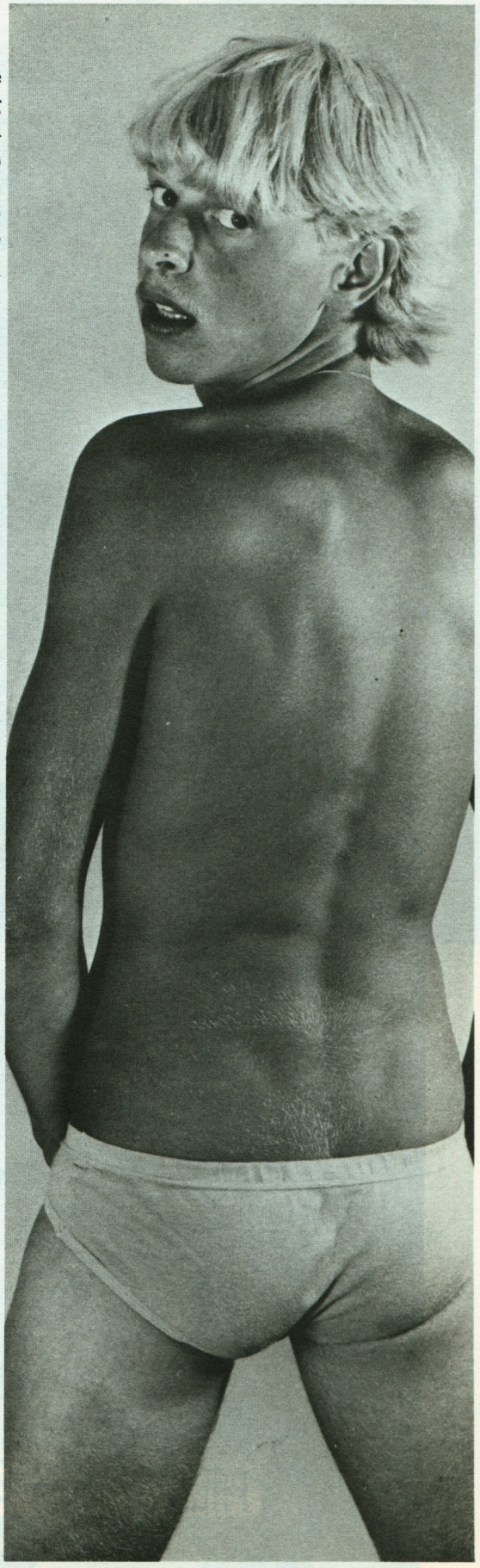
The BBS (computer Bulletin Board System) is quickly becoming a success. Jockey Club members and many, many computer owners have logged on. Though there are hundreds of BBS's, The Jockey Club is successful because it is geared to those of us who are into jocks, briefs and gym & swim gear. It was surprising to find that so many men are into this but had not heard of The Jockey Club. Over 300 messages were logged the first two weeks of operation between callers. It would be great if others of you would be interested in running the JOCKEY CLUB BBS in other areas of the country. Most of our calls are from outside of California.

Jockey Club's computer matching service has really taken off! We've received over one hundred of your completed forms and have entered them into the computer everyday and we are sending out all of your matches and replies the same day that we receive your forms. The $12.50 cost is about 25% of what commercial firms charge but we can do it so much less expensively since it is our own software and runs on our IBM XT. If you haven't sent your computer match form to us, I encourage you to do it as soon as you can. You'll be surprised how many members share your interest.

Several of the California Jockey Club members have expressed interest in getting together for a **brief** cocktail party. One of our members is opening his home to us for the event. I am trying to coordinate it for a September gathering. One of the local bath houses has also offered their facilities to The Jockey Club for a **BRIEF NIGHT.** They have offered to supply a leading gay video star to entertain to perform. I need to hear from area guys who are interested in attending.

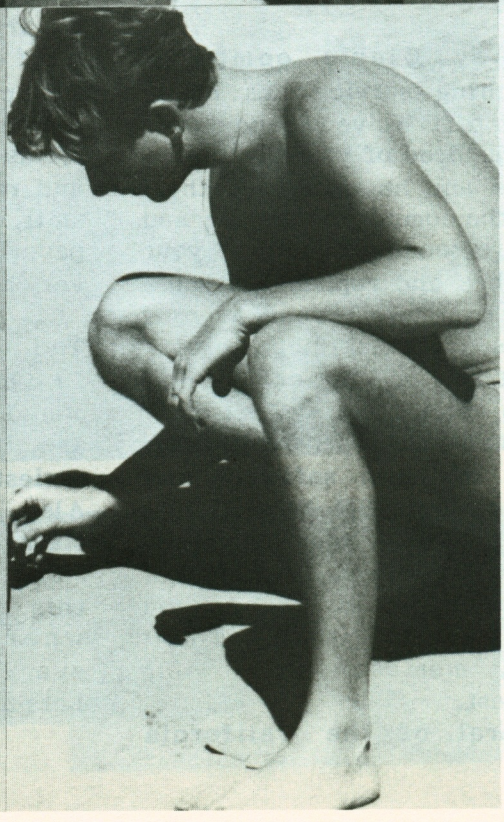
Over the last eight months I've had the pleasure of meeting many of you and getting it on together in our gear. Some of you have been inspirational to the stories that have appeared in this magazine. I think the hottest times I've had have been with those of you who really get into the fantasies. I never realized how great role acting can be with a stud in briefs. One member played the underwear salesman and he had me trying on every item in his brief drawer. Another was the swimmer and I was his coach. I remember he had a lot of trouble adjusting his Speedos and needed some help. And, still, another was the wet paperboy. Thanks for some very hot times.

The Boxer Rebellion is coming from an underwear manufacturer in Dallas. They are in production with the sexiest line of underpants yet. Also, **Chippindale's** line of posing pouches will be on the market next month. Looks like this Christmas will be one where everybody gives everybody sexy undergear. Lets hope so.



PALM SPRINGS STRIP

PALM SPRINGS G-STRING



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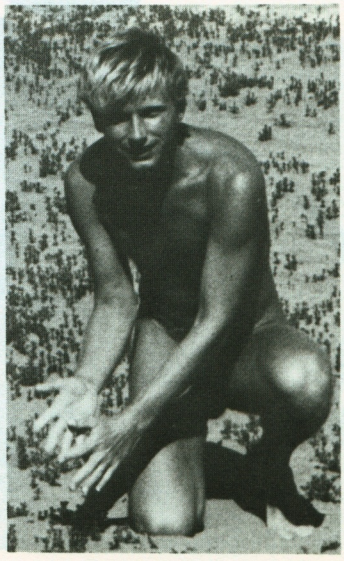


CROTCH WATCHER'S DELIGHTS

WRAP YOUR LIPS AROUND THESE BULGES BUDDY

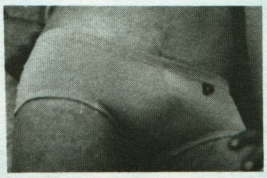
WANT TO LICK THIS?

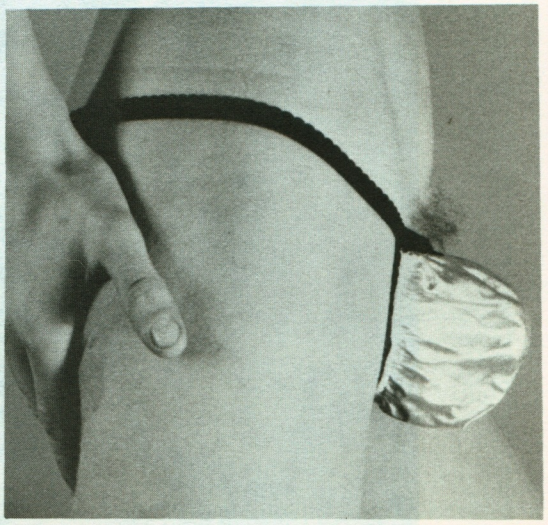
LICK

SUCK POUCH

SUCK POUCH, FUCKER!

CHECK OUT MY SWIMTRUNKS, GUYS.





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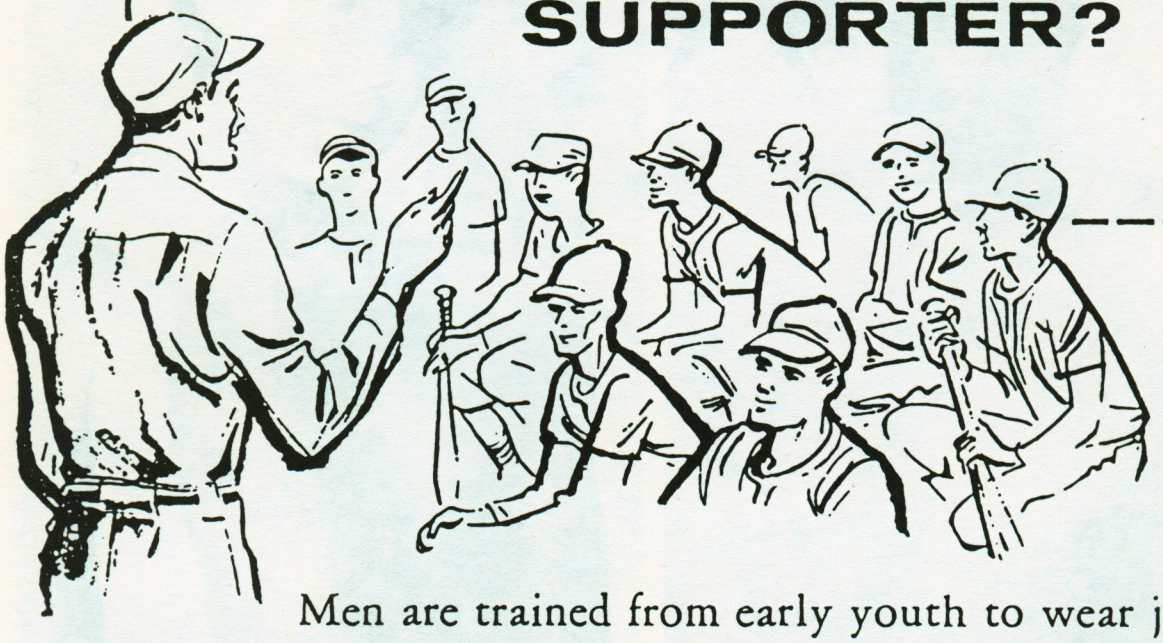
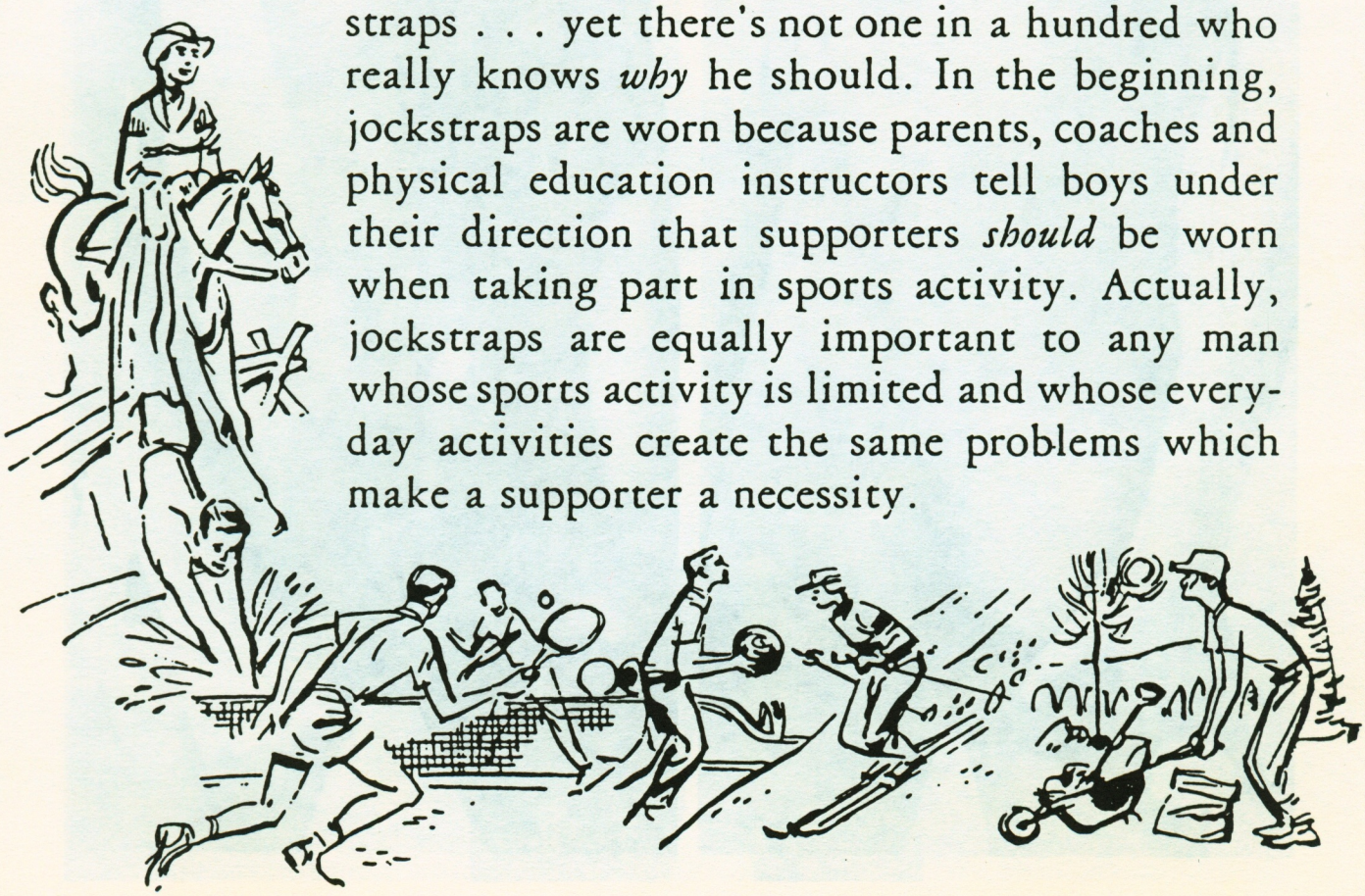
The Answer to:

Why Should **YOU** Wear an **ATHLETIC SUPPORTER?**



Men are trained from early youth to wear jockstraps . . . yet there's not one in a hundred who really knows *why* he should. In the beginning, jockstraps are worn because parents, coaches and physical education instructors tell boys under their direction that supporters *should* be worn when taking part in sports activity. Actually, jockstraps are equally important to any man whose sports activity is limited and whose everyday activities create the same problems which make a supporter a necessity.



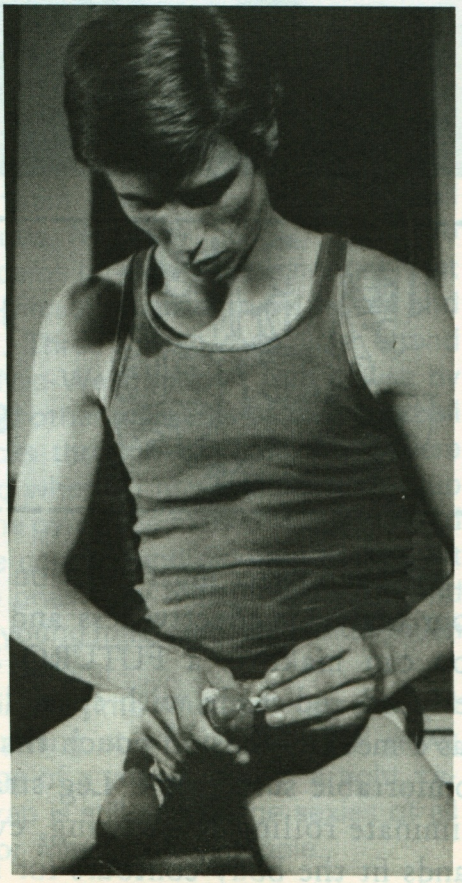
What Your **SUPPORTER** Does:

Primarily, a supporter lifts, supports and snugs the testes against the body. This prevents strain on delicate cords and muscles during periods of body action. When shock or strain occur to these cords and muscles, the effects may be carried throughout the whole body, causing major distress.

The supporter pouch also confines the genitals, tending to hold them out of harm's way from external contact. That, alone, is reason enough for wearing a jockstrap, for the pain of such a blow is only too well known.

A well-conditioned athlete might absorb and withstand a considerable amount of shock and strain with no undue effects. However, this is an area of the body which is not easily conditioned, and most men are subject to the possibility of painful strain or injury even during *mild* activity if the body is not accustomed to the particular exercise.

How to Choose a **SUPPORTER:**



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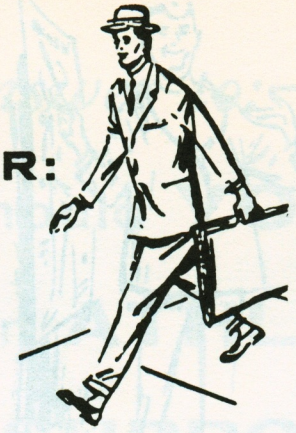
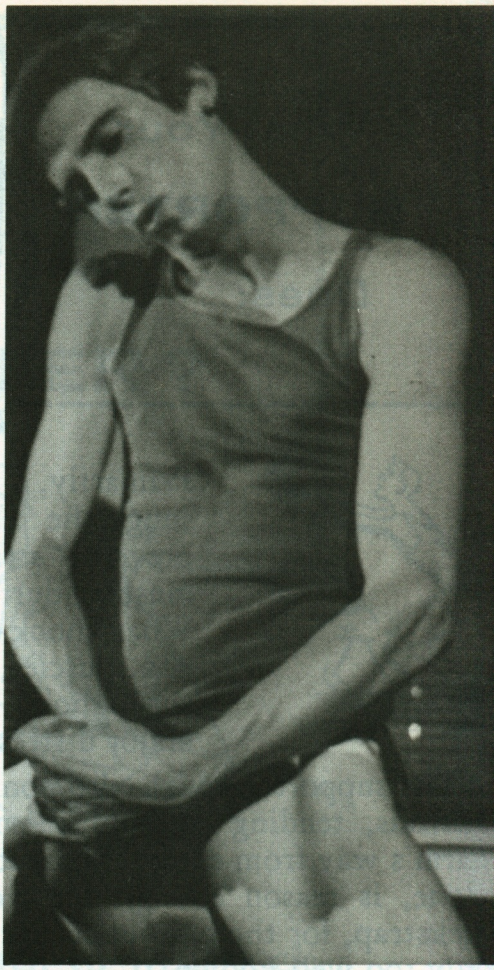
Other Good Reasons for Wearing a **SUPPORTER:**



Defending your own good sense of modesty is another primary function of the jock-strap. Sport uniforms for such games as tennis, basketball and swimming, where underwear is impractical, demand the use of a supporter. It is more gentlemanly to wear one under clothing such as short summer shorts, too.

A well-fitting athletic supporter contributes to an overall sense of well-being. You feel firm and comfortable . . . and that reflects in your posture and bearing.



How to Choose a **SUPPORTER:**

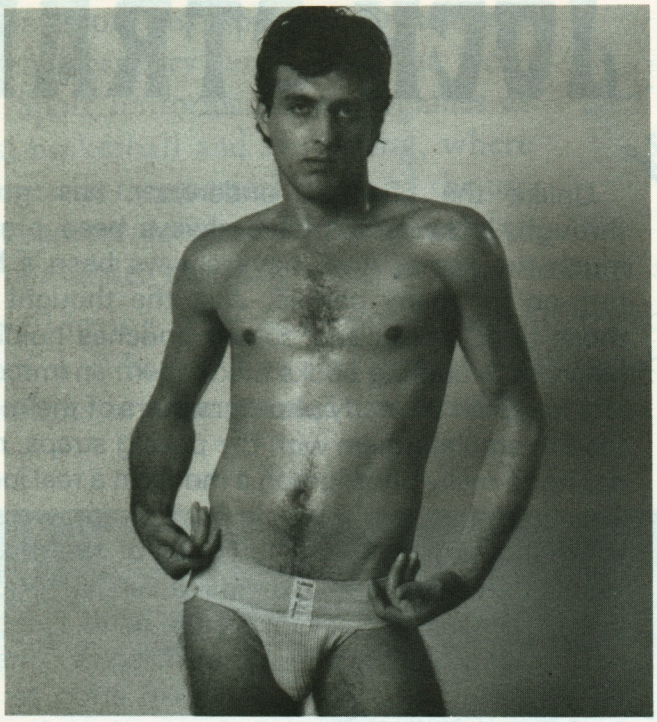
A good supporter must function almost as an integral part of your body for effectiveness and comfort. The wisest choice you can make is a FUTURO Supporter for every one is designed and made with special features, special care. Each has a medium-tension pouch that is soft and roomy for fine, comfortable suspension. Leg straps are of tubular elastic to eliminate rolling or twisting, even after laundering. Waist-bands fit the body contours for natural, pleasant support.

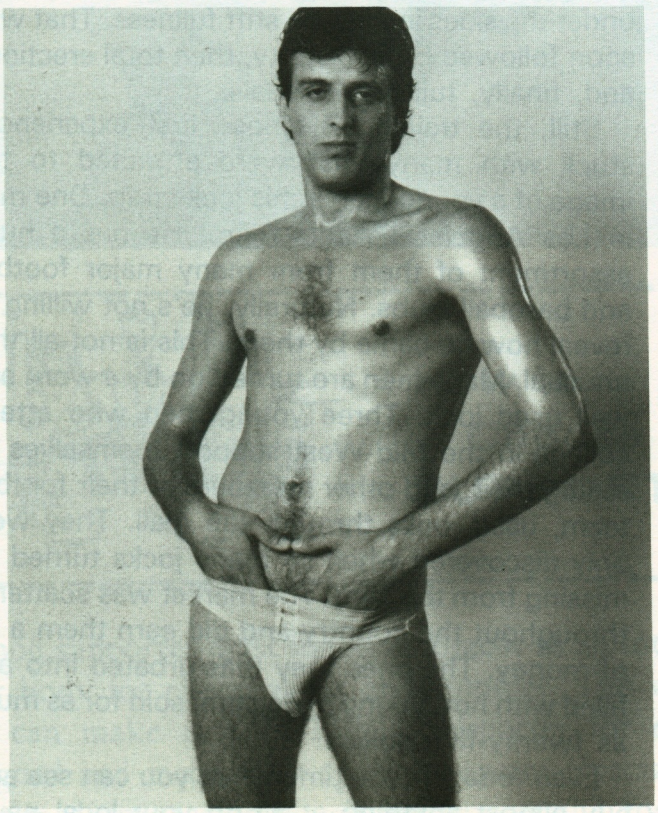
THE LURE OF JOCK STRAP

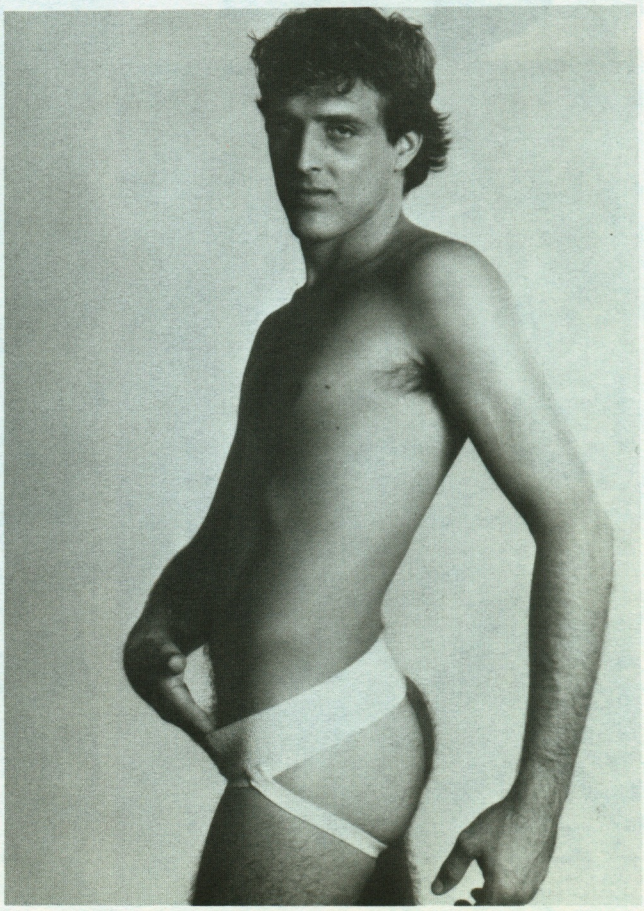
Unlike the changes underwear has gone through, jocky straps have always been pretty much the same. And, have always been a big turn-on for many people. Just the thought of those tight, elasticised cotton pouches holding heavy nuts and big cocks made them an immediate hit. Even the early photographers of the male tried to emulate them with the posing straps, not daring to really photograph a model in a real jock. The first photos of boys in jock straps were a sensation and sold out the issues of the magazines they appeared in immediately. Those young men, clad in jocks, called to mind all those hot, young sports stars that filled so many dreams and fantasies. Soon, in an effort to increase sales still further, those young cocks got more and more erect under the clinging jocks. It wasn't long before they were popping out from under the sides in all their stiff fullness. That was soon followed by full nudity, then total erections and, finally, full action duals.

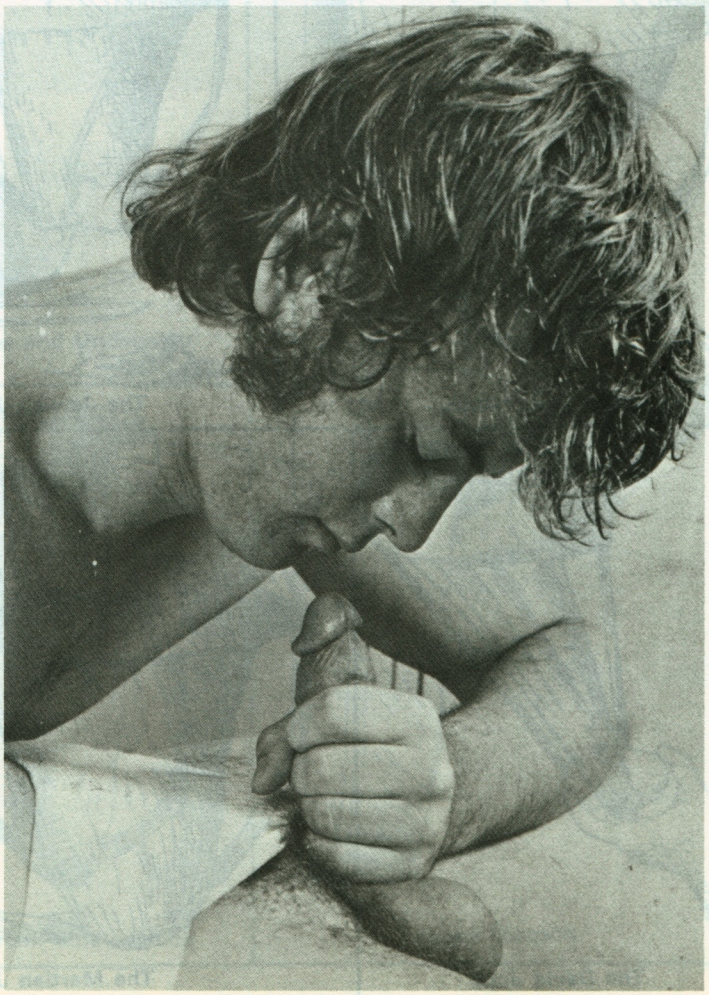
Still, the training of those first experiences stuck with many who were attracted to the image of a young man in his jock strap. One man in Los Angeles collects them. He has a huge assortment of them from many major football and baseball clubs. Naturally, he's not willing to reveal how he came by them. This is not all that unusual. Many men are turned on by a worn and well used jock. Three young men who attend college in the Mid-West support themselves by selling their, and other members of their football team, used jocks through the mail. They were only discovered when so many jocks turned up missing from the gym. The market was scattered throughout the country and did earn them a lot of money. The ones they masturbated into and filled with hot, young male cum, sold for as much as twenty-five dollars!

Even today, in the time when you can see and buy almost anything at all on your local news stand, the image of a young stud in a tight, revealing jock strap is still one of the sexies of all photographs for many, many people.

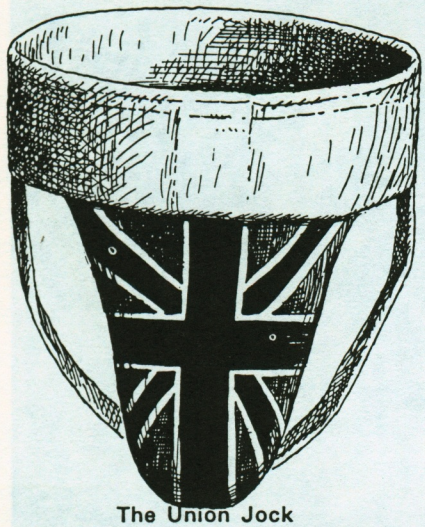




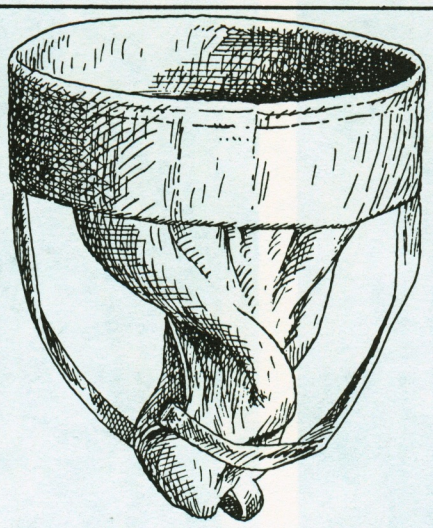




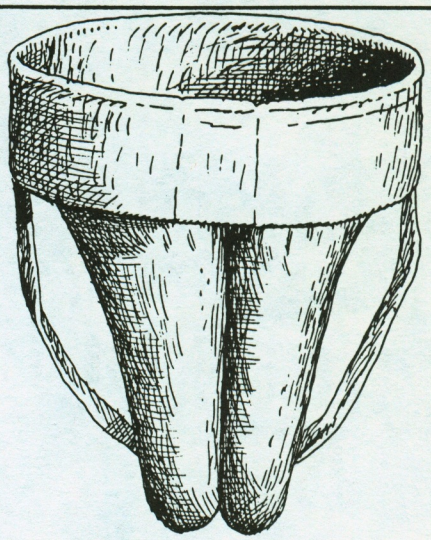
MORE JOCK YOCKS



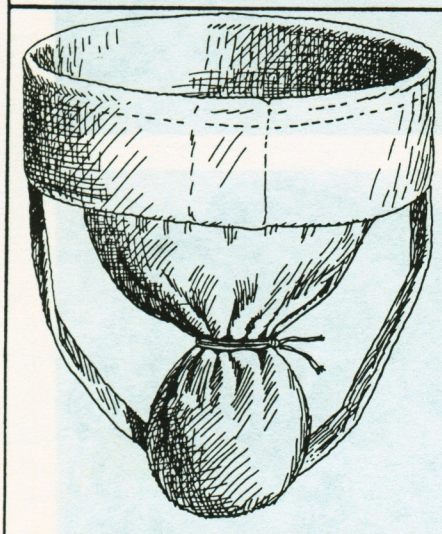
The Union Jock



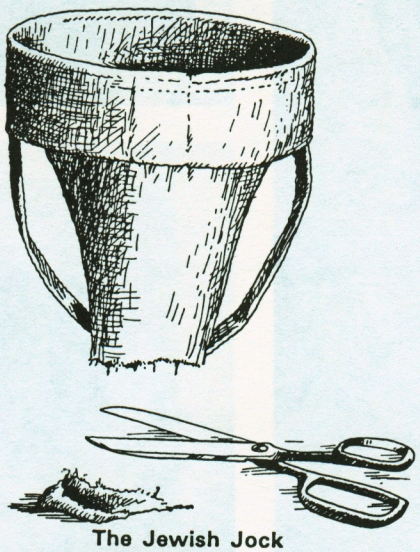
The Polish Jock



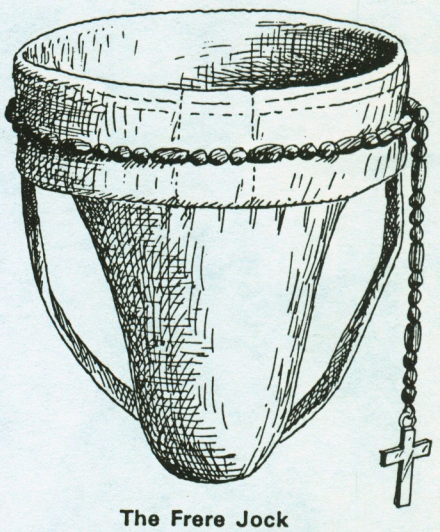
The Siamese Jock



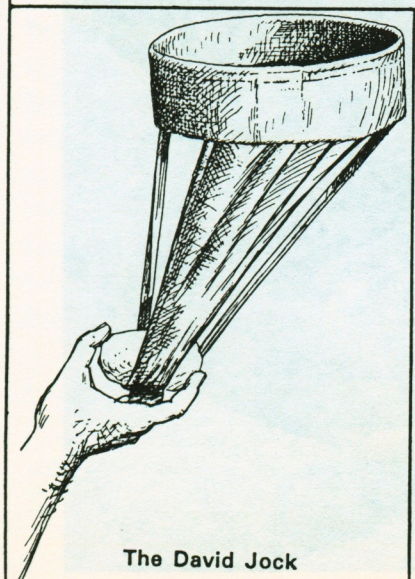
The Jusuit Jock



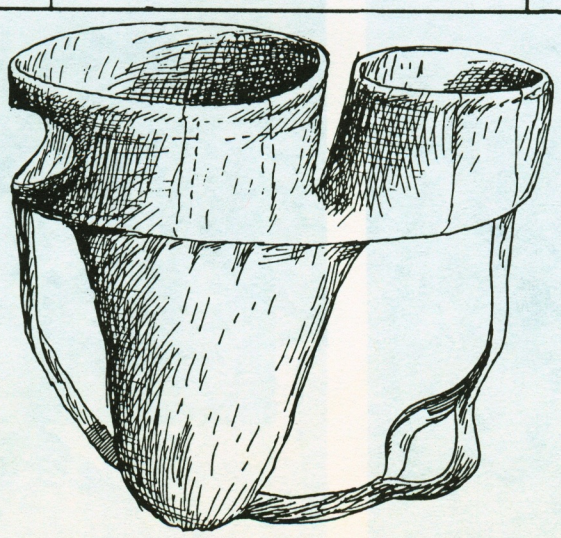
The Jewish Jock



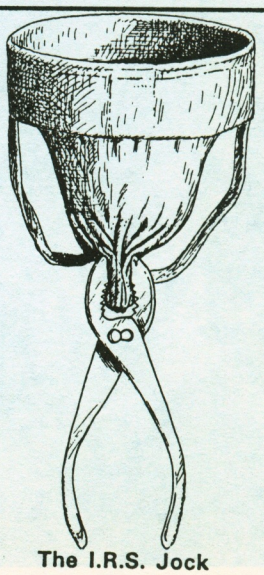
The Frere Jock



The David Jock

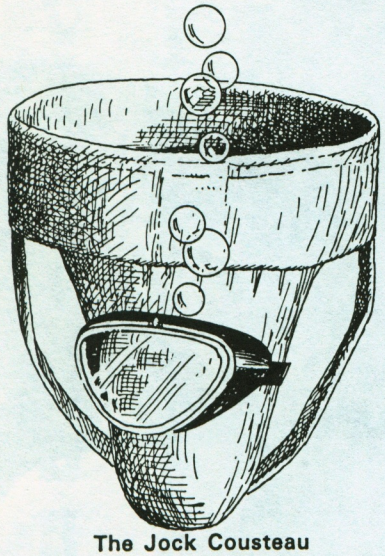


The Martian Jock

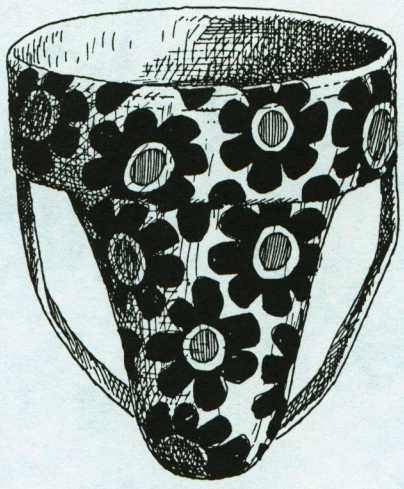


The I.R.S. Jock

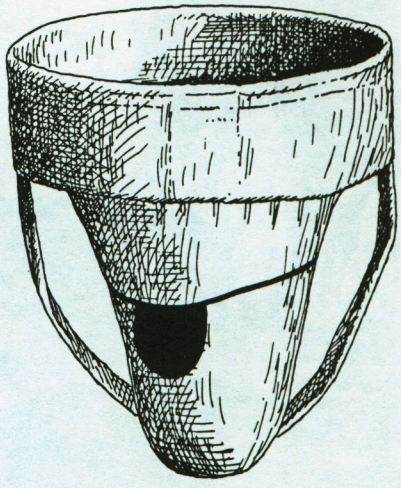
JOCK YOCKS



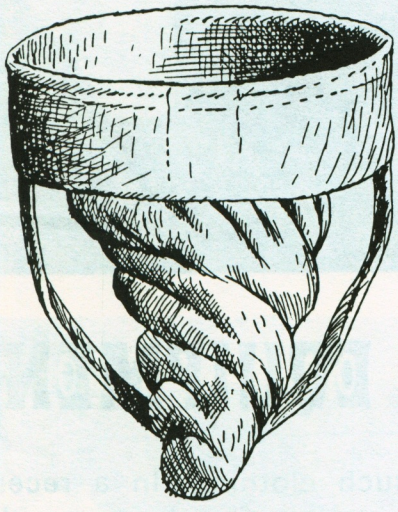
The Jock Cousteau



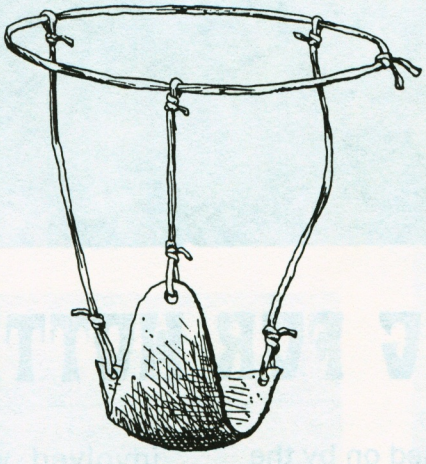
The Gucci Jock



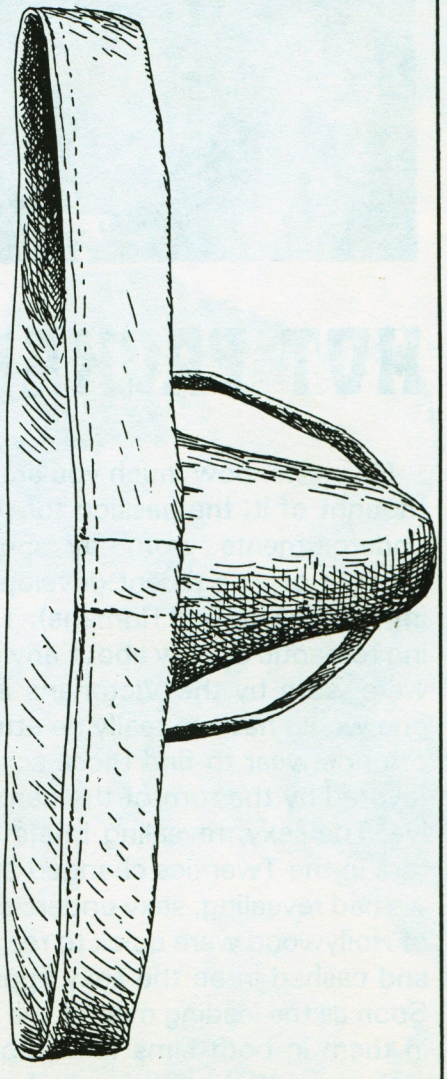
The Moshe Dayan Jock



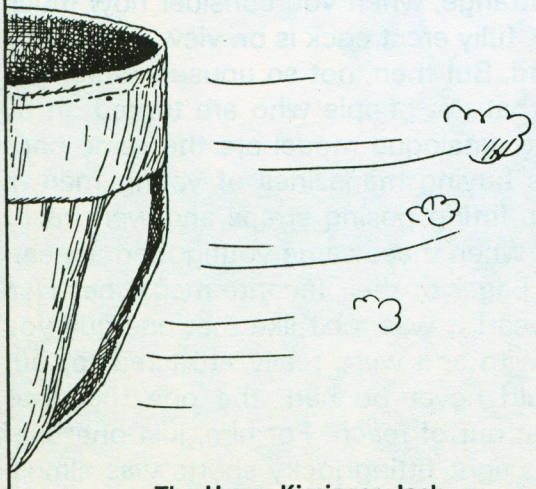
The Chubby Checker Jock



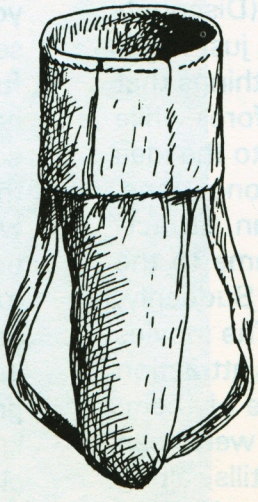
Jock Straps and Underwear



Jocky Gleason



The Henry Kissinger Jock



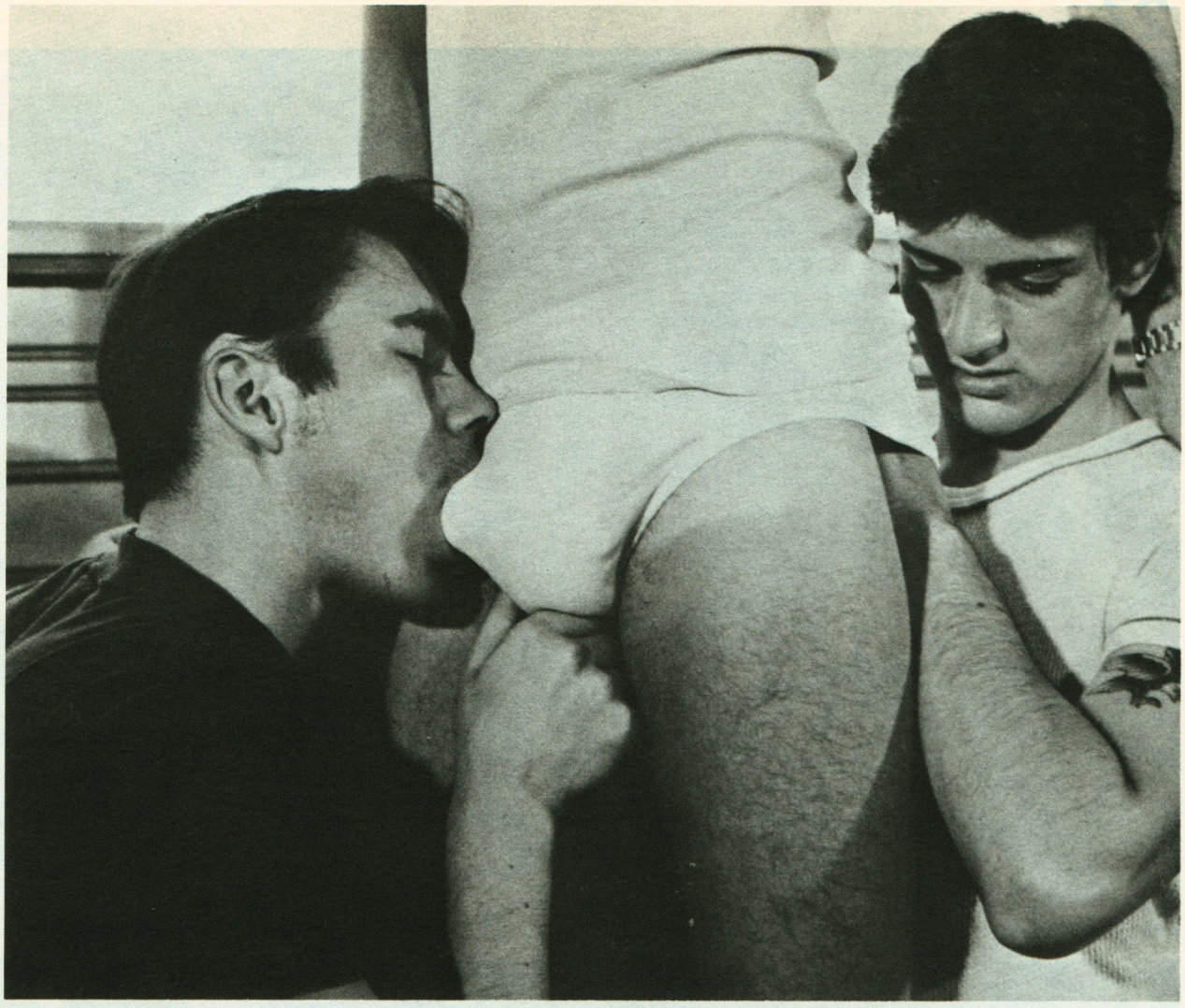
The Frank Sinatra Jock

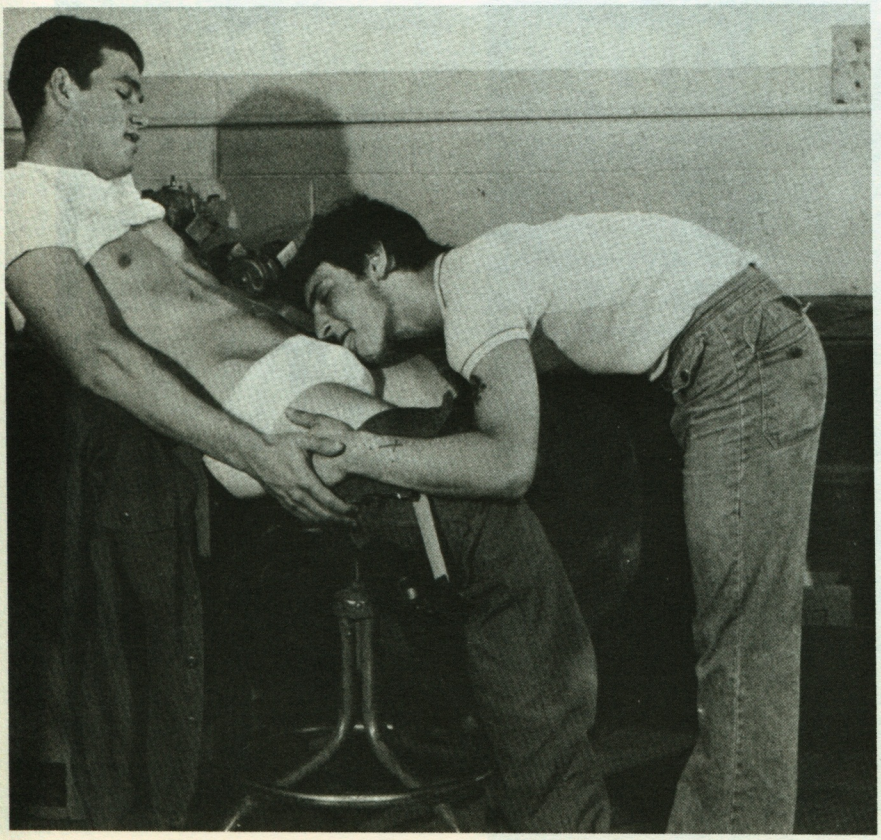
HOT PACKAING FOR HOTTER EQUIPMENT

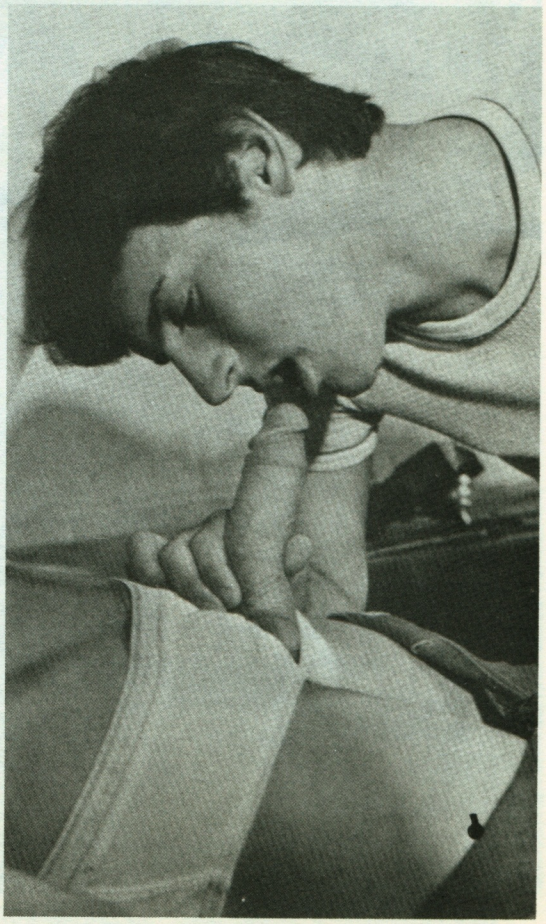
No matter how much you are turned on by the thought of it, the passion for those close fitting undergarments worn by men can only be thought of as a recent development, (Discounting the Greeks and Romans). There is just nothing romantic or sexy about any of the things that were worn by the Victorians and before, while one would have to really be attracted to the idea of underwear to find those scratchy long-johns, favored by the turn of the century man, attractive. The sexy, revealing briefs that came to the fore in the Twenties changed all that. Suddenly, we had revealing, sexy underclothes. The movies of Hollywood were quick to realize this attraction and cashed in on the sexy appearance of them. Soon all the leading men of the period were seen in them in both films and publicity stills, along with those tight fitting, cock revealing bathing suits that were scandalizing the country.

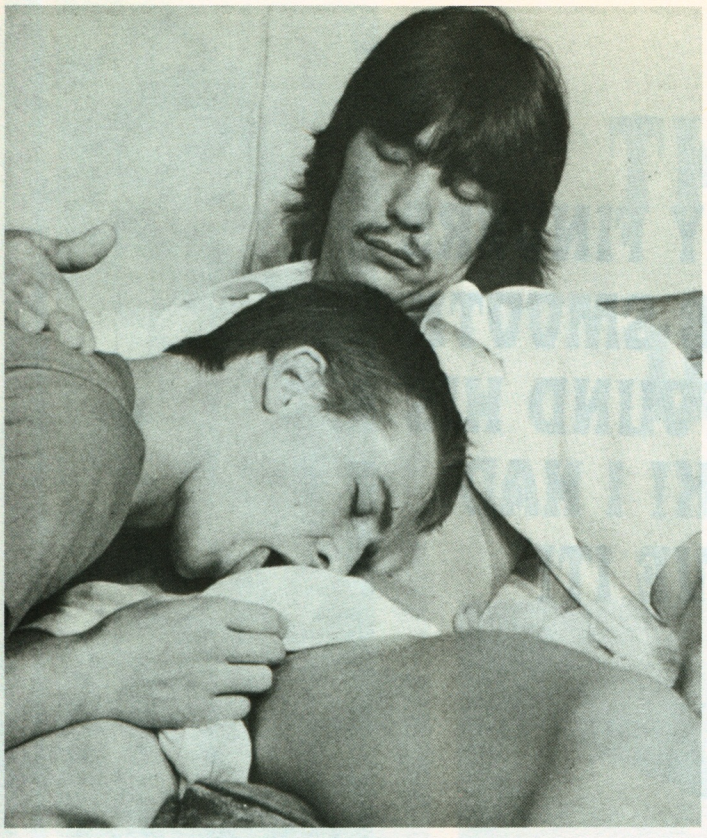
Even today there is still a great deal of turn-on involved with such clothing. In a recent catalogue from a major mail order house, the photo of a young model in boxer shorts with his young cock fully outlined, made it an immediate sell out. Strange, when you consider how much fully nude, fully erect cock is on view in the local news stand. But then, not so unusual when you consider that the people who are turned on by that young catalogue model are the same ones who were buying magazines of young men in tight, form fitting posing straps and were really turned on when these same young men appeared on the pages of their favorite magazines clad in underwear! It was a bit like that one guy you grew up with and were really attracted to, but knew could never be had, the one that was always just out of reach. For him, just one brief look of his tight fitting jocky shorts was almost enough. It surely was enough to keep all your fantasies going and your interest alive.

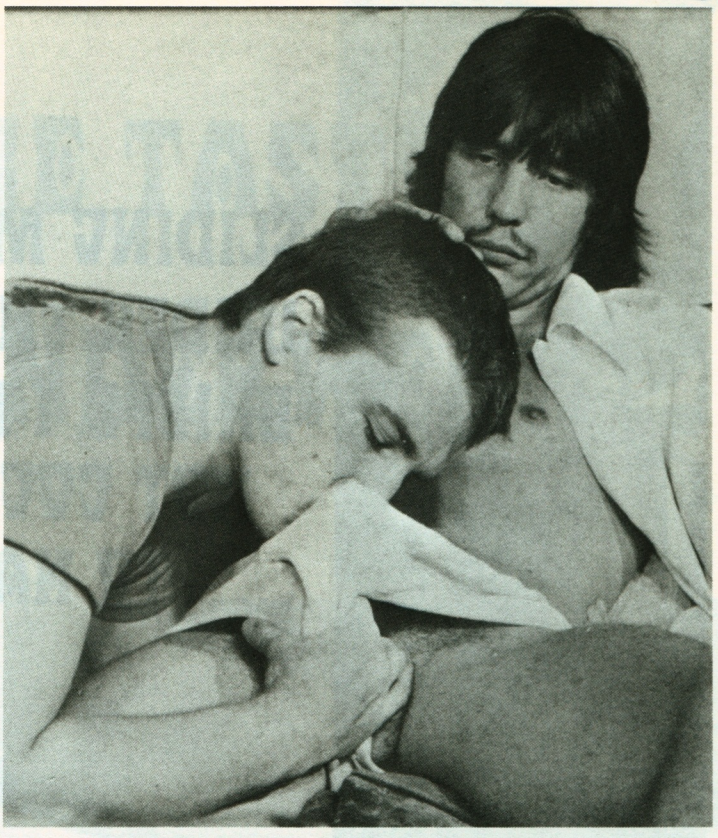
JOCKEY BAIT



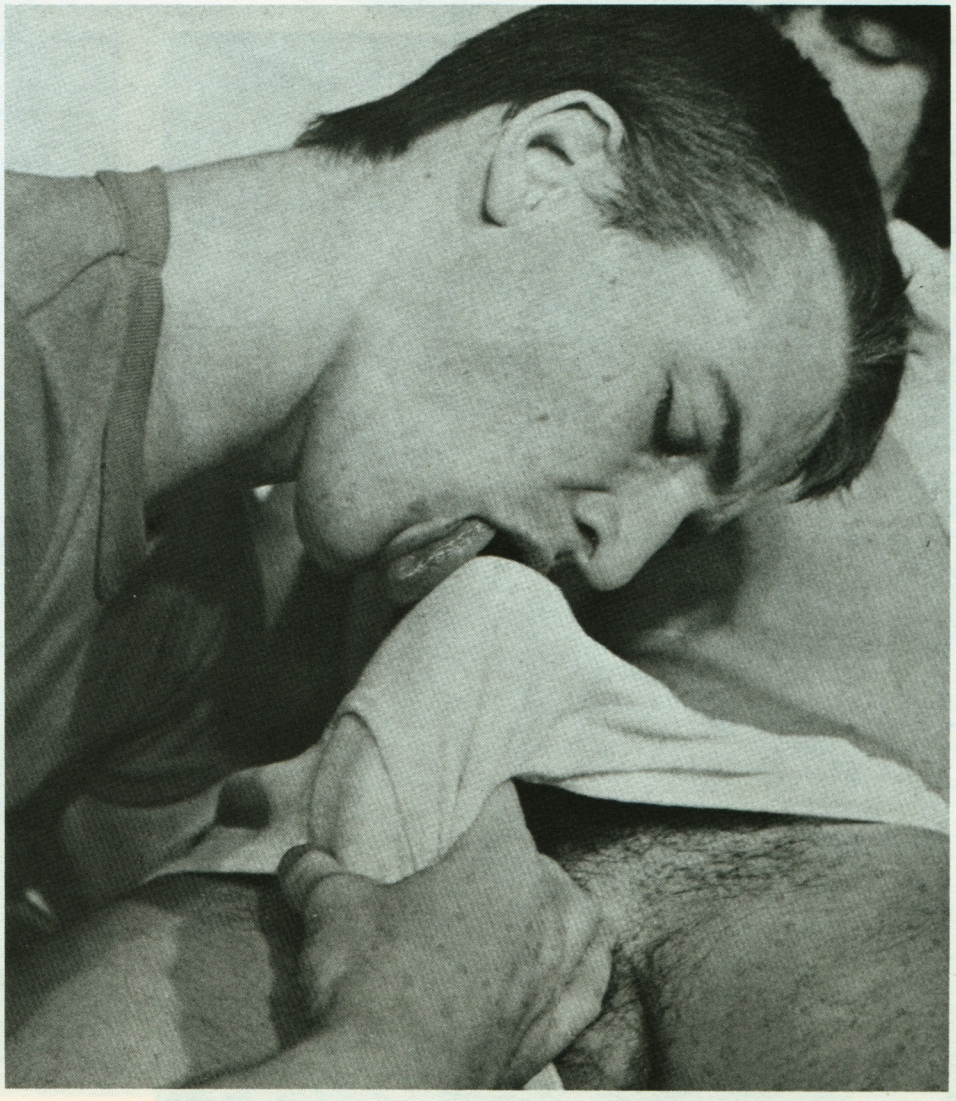




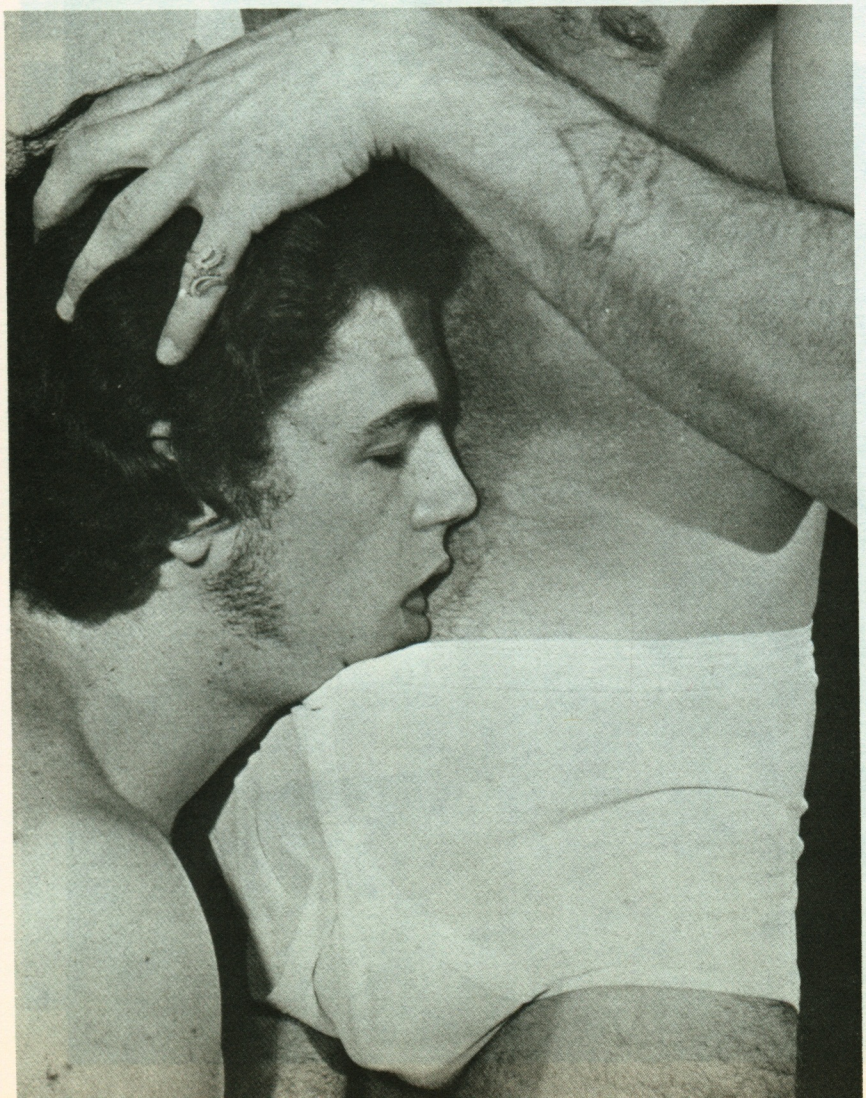




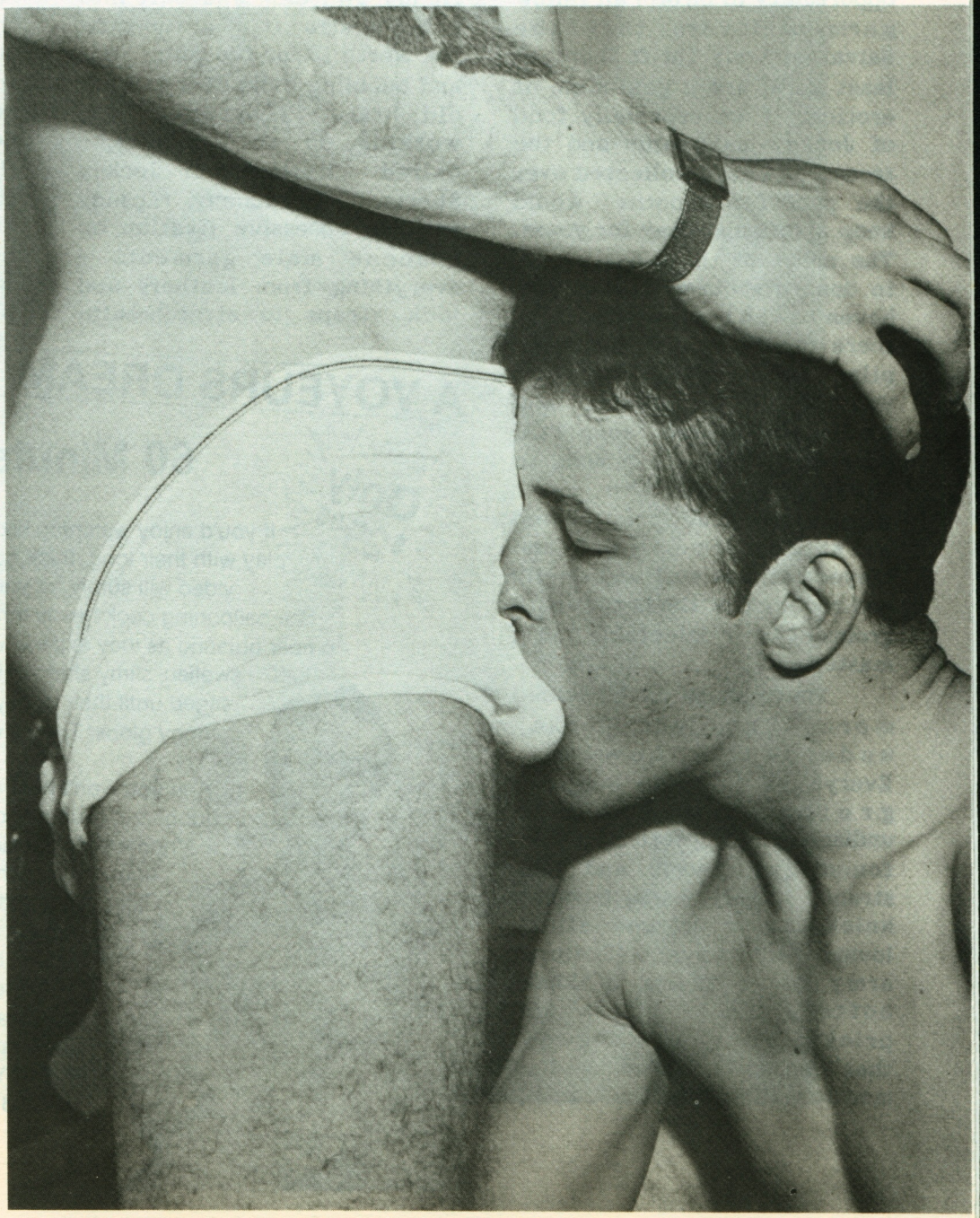
EAT
MY
WARM
DAMP
SALTY
CREAMY
SHORTS
THEN



SLIDING MY FINGERS UNDER THE SMOOTH BRIEFS, I FOUND HIS HOT COCK! I HAD TO HAVE IT!



THE TASTE OF UNDERWEAR



THE FLAVOR LINGERS ON

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I leave the 25th of May and head off to Italy for a summer of sun and cocksucking. I must take this opportunity to inform all fellow garment-lovers that the Salvation Army Thrift Shops, at least here, are a gold mine of erotica. I am especially fond of Jockey underpants and the treasures i have collected over the past few months would keep a fetishist busy for years. The nerve of these nasty boys to donate groin-garments that haven't even been washed! But there they are, smouldering in piles of used clothing, just waiting to be sniffed and fondled and adored. some still have their owner's names, in india ink on the rear waistband; some are spotted and stained; some are grey and freyed; all are soft and smelly and redolent of the hot, sweaty groins of their delectable young masters.

These shops have yielded more than just Jockey underpants, however. Everyweek provides gorgeous groin-wear for the undiscriminating fetishist. I've found gym shorts and jock straps, cut-off jeans, baseball knickers, sheer and slinky lounge-pants, naval bellbottoms, army boxer shorts in khaki cotton, bikini briefs and prick-panties and fagwear that's so nelly i'm ashamed to mention it. But, the Jockey underpants are the real prize. I recommend especially Sears brand. When they've been washed a lot, the side panels become transparent, framing the double-layer prick-pouch with teasing glimpses of groin-skin and pubic hair., and the elastic frays, leaving lots of strings hanging from the crotch - a sign that the boy lives in his underpants, loving them as much as he loves what they sheathe. Another thrill has been discovering that i can fit my own dick and butt into a boy's size 16 - a tight fit but worth it for the juicy joint and bubbling balls of a 15 year old brat. I've been busy working on an erotic epic called Hellions in Jockey Shorts. A raunchy rapsody with an obsessive fixation on obscene male garments - everything from leathers and jock straps to stretch-satin dance dance-belts and silk loin cloths. The plot has the simplicity of all full of hate who becomes head warden of a boys' prison farm in the wilds of Maine. He hires a staff of rugged, brutal cocksuckers and dresses them in bizarre uniforms. The fifty boys are hand picked from other state reform schools - hardened criminals, mental patients, junkies, deviates - 12 to 16. Their personal possessions are all taken away and they are forced to wear nothing but their raunchy little Jockey underpants...except those boys who cooperate and win lewd uniforms of their own. The novel is a courageous expose of the atrocities committed at such prisons. With my inside knowledge, I have every hope of being appointed head warden - or at least underpants mender - at such a place.

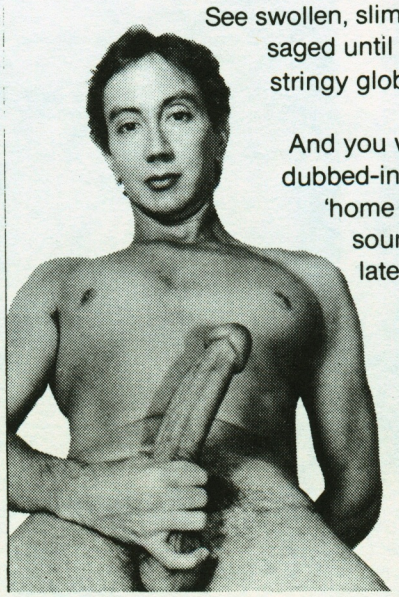
A VOYEURS DREAM Video

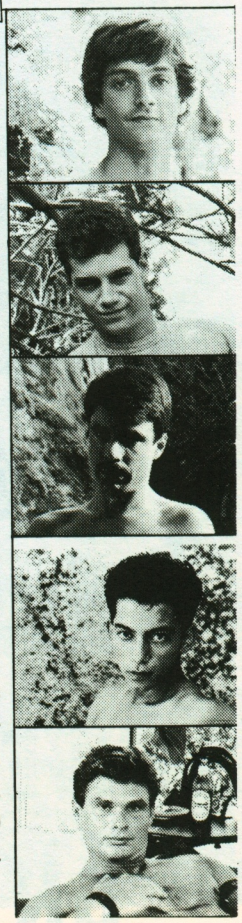
60 Minutes

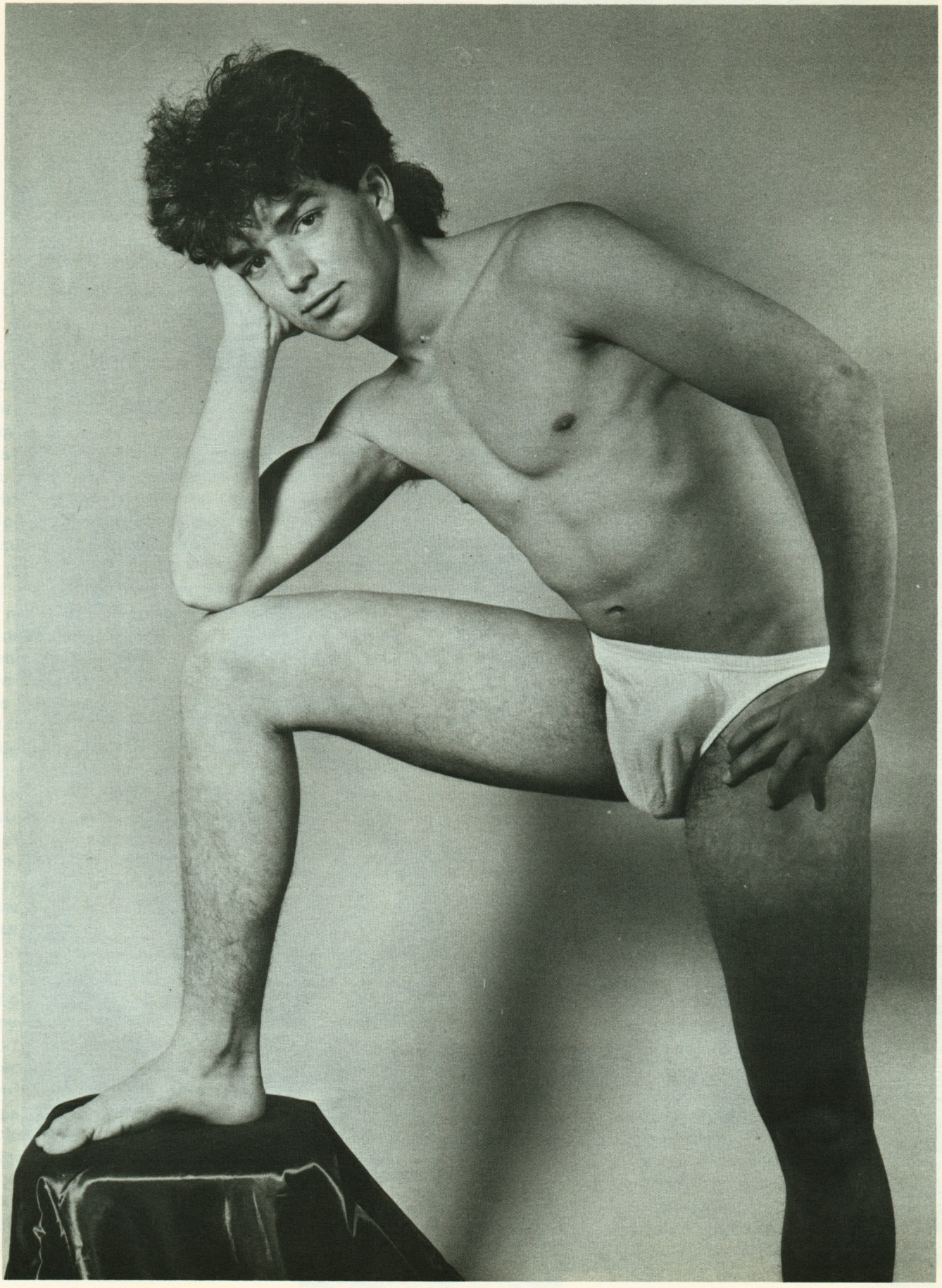
Only $29.95

If you'd enjoy watching six different guys play with their long, thick boners then this video will surely hit your start button. See ballooning cock heads throb and stretch to near bursting as they expand with hot blood. See swollen, slimy shafts milked and massaged until their gooey load ejects in stringy globs. Truly a voyeurs dream come true!

And you won't hear a lot of phoney dubbed-in grunts and groans in this 'home style' movie, only a music sound track which was added later. Admittedly, some of the splicing is a little rough in spots, but, the subject matter more than makes up for any lack of professionalism. Stock No. 9-2092 VHS. Stock No. 9-2093 Beta. (60 min.) Price: $29.95.







GO WILD!

BODYWARE

for men

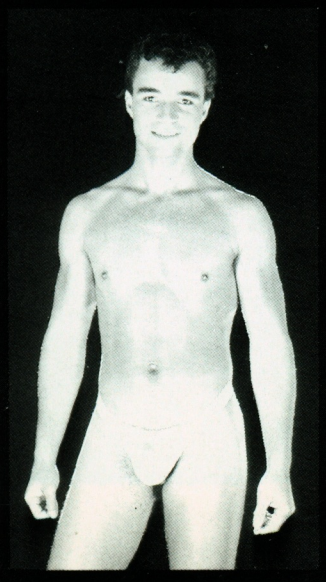
GET SEXY!

BARE IT. Black posing strap brief of sleek wet-look Cire. 1 size. #2312, $5.95

SNUGGLER. European designed sheer brief. Black or Nude. S-M-L. #2300, $7.95

DISCREET. Sleek wet-look Cire brief in assorted colors. #2319, Sm. #2320, Med. #2321, Lg. $7.95

ENHANCER. Sleek Cire front, fishnet back, brief. Black or White. S-M-L. #2306, $7.95



THE TRAP. Jock Sock brief with open back. Black or White. S-M-L. #2309, $5.95

PLAYER. Sleek, wet-look Cire bikini. Black or White. S-M-L. #2303, $8.95

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